

shaking like the devil by thecopperkid

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Summary:

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Harrington looks sheepish. Drops his hands from trying to pry off the screen. Screws up his nose, and averts his eyes toward the forest behind Billy’s house, like he’s embarrassed.

He mumbles something to the stairs beneath him, shifts his weight from foot to foot.

“Spit it out.”

“Said, I can *smell* you,” he grits. His cheeks have gone even redder. “Through the fucking. *Walls*.”

*

Steve caught it.

shaking like the devil

Author's Note:

- For [brawlite](#).

"leave the bourbon on the shelf" - the killers

HI friends, just warning you again that this fic is dubcon, as is the nature of sex pollen. proceed appropriately

for brawls, because i kinda sorta promised a sequel and it's all your fault for enabling me

When Billy gets back from the Harrington house, things are even worse. It's like how he'd imagine withdrawals would be.

He's compulsively heaving until he's sure that stuff, that yellow foamy stuff that looked like what dogs throw up, whatever it was, it was totally gone. Purged from his system.

He sneaks back in around 12 AM, trying to keep it inside him until he makes it to the bathroom. Runs the shower on low, so Neil can't hear him, won't think he was coming home drunk again, because the sound of the water is a little less suspicious than him just retching.

It takes fucking forever to make it stop. Forever, after, to make sure it's all cleaned up. Forever, *still*, to make himself feel some semblance of clean again, just lying on his side against the little nubby shower mat. His skin looking so fucking red next to the porcelain white of the tub.

Billy's head doesn't properly hit the pillow until 4:25, about five minutes before Neil gets up to make coffee. Gets some shitty sleep for a few restless hours, pink indents on his face from the creases of the pillow, mouth wide fucking open, hair mussed and matted, until dad pounds down his door around 8. Billy rolls to his feet feeling worse than ever and unlocks the door only to be met with that

suspect, avian look. That bird-of-prey thing his dad's got going on, like Billy's a deadbeat for sleeping so late.

It's fucking 8, but like. Alright. Billy's up now, making eggs for Max, even though his stomach is churning and his back aches and all he really wants to do is lie the fuck down — because he knows what's good for him.

This day's torturous. Because the whole time he's doing his chores that day, sleep-deprived and hungover with that weird fucking witchcraft fever he'd contracted from *Hell* — well.

The whole time, while he's sweeping and mopping and driving Max to the fucking mall, he's thinking. Thinking about Harrington.

About how tight his ass felt around Billy's cock.

About the way he'd rolled his hips to meet Billy's desperate thrusts.

About how fucking *slutty* the kid is.

About how much he'd like to fucking slip inside again, to taste inside Harrington's mouth, to wrap his hand around Harrington's neck and fucking *squeeze* —

He has to physically shake himself out of it. It's got him uncomfortably hard in his jeans the whole miserable, rainy afternoon.

It was way better than any hookup he's ever fucking had, and he's ashamed of it. Thinks having sex with Harrington's probably what made his stomach so upset in the first place.

So he's alone that evening, house to himself, at last. Sitting criss cross on his bed, in only his jeans, barefoot. Tattered library copy of *Pale Fire* spread out in his lap. Getting ready to go to a party, get this shit off his mind, when he hears tapping on his window pane.

Billy furrows his brows. Reads a few more sentences, about like. *Zembla* and shit. Trying to concentrate really hard, when the tapping happens again, more impatient than last, and oddly inhuman sounding. Like, it's not the rhythmic, sturdy way Billy'd knock on a

door, it's frantic-fast.

He's not nervous, that's not the right word. But his mind *does* drift to gooey wet walls and long squelching corridors. Of things that scream, things that he wasn't ever able to see.

Of spending his fucking night in the bathroom, in fetal position, wiping vomit from his lips under the too-hot spray of the shower.

A third knock, and Billy hops up at the intrusion, kills the light on his bedside table to better see through the dark, and crawls to the foot of his mattress. Tugs on the shade obscuring his window.

Jesus. It's almost frightening. There's Harrington. Looking ghastly under the automatic porch lights. About to rap his knuckles on the pane again, but he freezes when he sees Billy.

He looks fucked. Sallow skin under his eyes. He's wearing nothing, just a Hawkins shirt and gym shorts, and it's a bone-chilling, wet day in March. Billy may wear shirts that open all the way to his fucking crotch all year long, but he can gauge when other people should be cold.

Plus, Steve's eyes are all fucking pupil. He looks like a caricature of himself as he edges closer.

Billy yanks open the window frame, pissed already. Harrington's real fucking lucky Billy's *dad* isn't home.

And Billy's really lucky, too, because this would be a *delight* to have to try to explain to Neil. Why this beautiful, popular boy from his team is knocking on his fucking bedroom window on a Saturday night. Jesus.

"Uh? Can I *help* you? You wanna tell me what you think you're doing out here?"

"Relax, alright?" Steve's saying, voice strung tight. Almost sounds like he's been *crying*, or like if he hasn't already, he's going to *start*. "You know why I'm here."

He's already scrambling to pull on the screen, trying to dislodge it

from the window, when obviously you have to unhook it from *inside*. Everybody knows that, but then again.

Harrington A.) has probably never had to do housework in his goddamn life, probably has never had to pull the screen off his house to wash the window, doesn't even know what you'd *use* to wash a window pane, and B.) is not that fucking smart.

The latter of which, Billy finds *really* attractive.

Like, usually? Okay. If he's being completely transparent. Completely honest. He gets a fucking boner when he sees Harrington worry his lip while he works on his history quiz in the seat diagonal from Billy. From the way he marks up his paper, unsure, erasing so many times that the whole page is full of ugly grey marks from smearing pencil everywhere. That way he cocks his head when the teacher tells him his answer's wrong, it's like.

The *cutest* shit Billy has ever seen in his life. (One time Billy got called up to the board after Harrington said something particularly dumb, and he wished he hadn't worn jeans so tight, because everybody could see his fucking cock, but like, let them look, right?)

But in this case? It's just *not that fucking cute*.

"How'd you even know where my room is?" Billy asks, because he's sure as fuck never invited Harrington to his house. Sure as fuck never had him over to *hang out*. "How'd you know I'd be in here?"

Harrington looks sheepish. Drops his hands from trying to pry off the screen. Screws up his nose, and averts his eyes toward the forest behind Billy's house, like he's embarrassed.

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"Spit it out."

"Said, I can *smell* you," he grits. His cheeks have gone even redder. "Through the fucking. *Walls*."

Billy's stomach flips, and this time it has nothing to do with a

monster infection.

“Get out of here,” Billy hisses, before he can stop himself. “You need to leave.”

“What?” Harrington’s saying, getting argumentative. “You remember you fucking *owe* me, right?”

And it’s a little strange. Billy’s never seen Harrington look so wild before. His hair’s all wet, stuck to his face in damp tendrils, dripping droplets down his face, and Billy’s not sure it’s rainwater or sweat. Harrington’s staring him down like he’s *angry*. Head tilted down as he glares at Billy in the dark. If Billy couldn’t easily overpower Harrington in a fight, he might find this threatening.

“I don’t owe anybody shit, Harrington, okay? I don’t have time for this.”

“Come on, like you’re busy,” Harrington bargains. “What are you even *doing* in there?”

Billy thinks of *Pale Fire*.

It’s not even assigned reading, he just fucking likes to *read*, or whatever. He’s got the thing dog-eared all over the place, so the book won’t stay neatly shut on its own anymore.

He can’t exactly say what he’s doing, not if he wants to keep up his reputation. This reckless, slacker thing he’s got going.

Not that Harrington could make fun of him, because the brat doesn’t have a fucking *clue* who Nabokov is, but, airing on the side of caution, he says soberly: “I *was* jacking off.”

Just to make Harrington fucking squirm.

But instead, he fucking *groans*. Which was like, so not the response Billy’d intended to garner.

“See?” Harrington says, delighted. Edging closer on the step he’s on, so he’s nearer to Billy’s window. “Billy, come on, it’s perfect. We’d be helping each other.”

Disgusting. No.

But, on the other hand. It would be so *easy* to let Harrington take care of him. Get him off. Because there's something about hooking up with a guy, something that's a little appealing to Billy, a little perverse and taboo. And he'd like to try that with sane control over his own body, instead of taking a backseat to a fucking virus, or whatever.

He could just take advantage of the opportunity. It doesn't have to mean anything.

"Stop fucking with me, Billy," Harrington says. "You can't hide it from me, I can *smell* it. Can smell how much you want me. Your body's, like. *Radiating* it."

Eerie as fuck.

"You better get lost before my dad thinks I was sneaking around at night with the Harrington kid. He's been out all day, and he's gonna be back soon. You don't wanna be around when he gets here."

"He left, like, twenty minutes ago, liar," Harrington says, and that gives Billy a fucking jolt up his spine. Creepy. "I saw him leave, with Max's mom. They were all dressed up. You've got all night."

"You fucking *staked out* my house?"

"No, I didn't fucking stake it out," Harrington roars. "I just. I don't have anywhere else to turn, no one's gonna *get* it like you do, alright? I don't know what else to do, and I was just. Waiting until you were alone. Please, Billy. Please. Look at my skin."

He pulls up his gym shirt from the hem, up past his perky, pink nipples. Stands there, expectantly, as Billy takes it in.

Harrington looks like he's on fire. Fucking bright red, fevered. There's marks from scratching, rakish white lines from his nails spreading, scattered, from waist to neck. His ribcage expands wide, then compresses deep as he takes too many breaths, like his heart's in overdrive, pounding through his chest.

"I can't stop itching, it's like my skin's peeling off," Harrington pipes up, and it's almost a whine. "Were you this itchy? Or is it just me? I'm like, burning up. *You* fucking did this."

It hits Billy harder than a punch to the gut.

Billy looks him over some more, then makes up his mind.

"Get fucking *lost*, Harrington," Billy says, maybe sounding a little too much like the old man. He resents that, but it just comes out. Then, softer, "I can't help you, okay? I'm sorry. It's too weird."

He shuts the window, fucking locks it, and draws the shade over Harrington's sad, wet little face.

Billy flips his lamp back on. Picks up the book, but doesn't open it. Just drums his fingers over Vladimir, absently.

He doesn't know how long he's doing that, staring at the fucking wall all pissed off, when he hears a clatter across the house. His head jerks in the direction, and then he's off down the hall.

It came from Max's room.

Of fucking course.

There's no screen on her window, and it's not locked, *ever*, because she's always sneaking in and out of it.

(If *Billy* had pulled this shit at her age? He'd be fucking dead, but that's a whole other issue.)

He flips on the lights, and there's Harrington, behind the bed, on Max's unfittingly girly pink rug. He'd pushed himself through her window and fallen onto his stomach by the side of her bed. He's a mess of long, deer-like limbs, scrambling to get to his feet when he sees Billy.

"I just wanna *talk*, Billy, okay? Come to an agreement?"

"Pretty sure now's a good time to call the cops," Billy says, and he backs away, into the hall.

Harrington climbs up Max's bed, fucking up all the sheets and stuffed animals, getting everything all wet, and chases Billy down the hall, into the kitchen, where Billy's already got his hand on the phone.

A threat. He picks it up, starts dialing slow.

"Hey. Please, dude. Come on. I just wanted to see you. I'll get out. I'm sorry."

Poor thing is shaking like a fucking leaf. Which is honestly really pathetic. His teeth are chattering.

"Too late," Billy's tutting, callous, already listening to the dial tone. "Harrington kid, breaking and entering? Hopper's gonna love this shit, I'm sure."

Billy knows he's an asshole. Likes watching the panic in Harrington's eyes as he presses the first number.

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"Please, I'll. I'll do whatever you want, like, give you money, or *suck your cock*, right? Like, this is gonna be a really funny story later, I'll —"

1 —

Then Harrington yanks the phone jack out of the wall. Disconnects it.

As if he was scared Billy was actually going to make the call, which, for the record?

He obviously *wasn't*. He's not an idiot.

So imagine his surprise when Harrington shoves him up against the wall behind him, so fucking hard it knocks the wind out of him?

But he has to stay calm, right. So he's like, "Oh, I get it. *Suck my cock*, huh? Is that what this is? Did you want some more, *baby*? Already? Didn't get enough?"

See, he knows he's one to *talk*. Because last night was kind of a

shitshow; he just couldn't stop coming if he wanted to.

But his words get under Steve's skin anyway, so, mission accomplished.

"This is all your fault," Steve hisses, mouth all wet so his spit sort of hits Billy's face as he talks. "If you'd just listened to me for once, you wouldn't have gotten sick. Wouldn't have gotten *me* sick. You little bitch."

Billy's almost laughing. Though he's generally quick to anger, he's more perplexed than *hurt* by the insult. It's tough to fucking hurt him these days.

Still, he's not been called a bitch before. He's been called a *bully* and a *monster* and a *cocksucker*, a *prick* and a *twat*, and his dad started calling him some really fucking cute things after he got his piercing, started rocking the earring and the mullet, yeah — but all those names, he kinda owns.

Nobody's ever dubbed him a bitch. That's *his* territory, his weapon.

Harrington places a hand on either side of Billy's head, caging him in, staring him down with this ravenous look like he's deciding between choking Billy out or eating him whole or sucking on his fucking neck, it's not easy to decipher which.

And honestly? It looks like he wants to touch Billy, but he doesn't know what he can get away with. Looks like he's gonna fucking *pass out*, he's trembling so bad. With his arms holding him up like that, it's easy to see how his body's wracked with tremors.

"Dude, you're shaking," Billy says. "All over."

"I know."

Which is kind of a weird response to that, right? He'd expected, "*I am?*" or "*What should I do?*" Something insecure and afraid.

But no, Harrington's very sure. He already *knows* he's fucked.

Billy touches Harrington, to be sure. Reaches his broad palm down to

brush against the pale, slender-muscled thighs. The hot, feverish skin quivers under Billy's hand, erupting in goosebumps. His upper thigh? Billy didn't pick that spot *randomly*. It was intentional. He likes seeing the way Harrington's eyes practically roll back into his head as Billy strokes over him, feather-light.

And when Billy pulls his hand away, Harrington clenches his teeth, hissing through them.

"Please," he begs. "Do that *again*. It stopped hurting me, for a second. It let me *hear* again, it stopped being so loud in my head. Jesus."

Next, they're just fucking kissing.

Out of nowhere, like they'd been holding this back all along, like a dam broke.

Billy's roaming all over Harrington's body, and Harrington humps into him. His fucking massive erection is pressing through the thin fabric of his shorts, into Billy's jeans.

"You smell so fucking amazing," Harrington's babbling, alternating between sucking on Billy's tongue, and licking up his jaw, nibbling on his earlobe, he's fucking. *Everywhere*, it's too much, it's like he's in a million places. "You smell like sex."

"You wanna. Go to my room? Or something."

It comes out a little shy, a little uncertain, a lot desperate.

That's a place he'd never thought he'd take Steve fucking Harrington, because they'd been reluctant friends recently, but not on that level. And yet somehow, Harrington's leading the way, like he knows where it is, since he'd apparently figured out the layout of his house, of Billy's fucking *life* on the way here. Dragging him down the hall, pushing Billy forcefully against his own chair, so his knees collapse and he sinks right in.

Harrington toes out of his shoes and gets on top of him, straddling his waist.

He smells like *sweat*, dense and heady in Billy's nostrils, and it's got

Billy's mind racing.

Harrington's kissing him, then, picking up where they left off. Practically shoving his tongue down Billy's throat, and it's a lot, but Billy lets him in, anyway.

"You're slutty as fuck," Billy blurts when they pull away, grabbing Harrington's ass under the shorts, pulling him closer. Pushes his finger against the pucker of Harrington's hole. Rubbing over it makes his own dick throb against his leg. "You want me to fuck you? That what you needed this whole time?"

Fuck it. Billy could use it.

And they can't both be sick, right? Like, once they've gotten it, they're good. That's how immune systems work. Billy can't have it *again*.

So it's *fine* if he blows another load in Harrington. It'll help them both.

Harrington doesn't look good, though. Some *Exorcist* shit, sorta. It's like, lights are on, nobody home.

Billy knows when he'd seen his reflection in the mirror at his house last night, lit by shitty yellowish lighting of his bathroom, he'd looked the same. Even after he and Harrington had more or less taken care of things, coaxed those desires out of him, the sickness loomed over like a bad night of drinking.

"Won't work," Harrington's saying, and Billy's stomach sinks. "That's kind of the thing, I was kinda hoping that you'd get it, you know. Because *you* know that's not what it wants. I gotta. I gotta — I *need* to. Like. Fuck you, okay?"

Harrington has some *fucking* nerve.

So Billy's laughing, because he doesn't know what else to do. "Yeah, cute. Right. Come on, Harrington. Jesus. I'm not into *gay* stuff, that'd be the day I'd fucking *bend over* for you —"

Maybe Harrington's got more nerve than Billy fucking thought,

because suddenly his face goes stony, and he grabs Billy by the throat.

Holds his head against the back of the chair. Squeezes his fingers around his pulse, just enough to cut off the circulation, to make Billy's head spin from the lack of oxygen.

Harrington's fucking *stronger* than he'd imagined.

Not that he's been imagining this, or anything.

Billy sucks in a deep breath, tight in his chest, nervous that Harrington's *not going to let him go*.

He doesn't look like he's going to let him go, which is maybe terrifying.

Because like, Billy's convinced now, that he's not dealing with regular, pretty, sunny, ditzy, high school fucking *heartthrob* Harrington, anymore.

Before, he'd thought maybe Harrington was faking being sick, just to get in Billy's pants. Because Billy's probably the hottest guy Harrington's ever fucked given the options (or lack, thereof) in this tiny shitty town, and he knows Billy's straight, wouldn't crawl back to him unless he had to.

So Billy assumed that this was how Harrington was going to convince Billy he fucking *had to*.

But it's confirmed now; the kid's fucking come down with it. He's fucking *gotten* it, somehow.

Probably from when Billy came in his ass, maybe, but like, he *asked* for that. Like, straight up *asked*.

Billy can tell from the crazed look in his eye, the sweat soaking his hair, perspiration beaded over his temples and his upper lip that he's *fucked*. He's breathing through his nose all heavy and animal, and he's staring Billy down.

"Oh my God, you're not fucking with me," Billy sputters. "Thought

you were faking the whole possession thing. Thought you were *pretending*.”

“Why the fuck would I want this,” Harrington says, and his voice sounds tortured. “Why the *fuck* would I pretend? I can’t help it. I don’t wanna be like this, but. I’ve jacked off *nine* times today, okay? And. And look, you. You left, like. Your fucking jacket in my car? And I was gonna wash it for you, but then I got sicker, and sicker, and.”

It’s clear Harrington’s embarrassed. “Just fucking. *Tell* me,” Billy grits.

“I fucking smelled your jacket while I jacked off, alright? I don’t know why I’m fucking telling you this, but like. Do you get how serious I am, now?”

Harrington *does* look grave as fuck. And Billy’s having trouble breathing, with his fist locked like that around Billy’s pulse.

And that’s also the creepiest, *sexiest* thing Billy’s ever heard.

“Look, Billy,” Harrington goes on. “I really, really tried to do this without you. But nothing helps, all I can think about is coming *inside* you.”

He’s chewing his lip, that way he does in history class, that way that hypnotizes Billy.

“No fucking way,” says Billy, straining against Harrington’s grip. “No fucking way that’s happening. Fucking gross. I don’t swing that way.”

Harrington’s laughing in his face.

“Yeah, yeah,” he says. “Seemed to swing that way when your dick was inside me.”

“That’s. *Fuck* you, that’s *different*.”

“How so?”

Because it just *is*. Giving it versus taking it, that’s so different.

Harrington really must be that stupid.

He tells him as much.

Then says, "I'm not *like* you, Harrington. Guys like you, they're confused."

He doesn't really mean that, but he says it really *shitty*, like a low blow, and Harrington's squeezing his throat tighter, pinning him to the back of the chair.

"You're such a bully," Harrington says. Even and calm, but his fingers give another impression. "Tell me you're fucking sorry."

"For fucking what?" Billy spits out. "I'm not sorry."

"I'm not *like* you," Harrington imitates. "The fuck is with that shit? Look at you." He pauses, grabs Billy's painfully hard dick through his jeans. Smiles, wicked, when he feels it. "You're so fucking into me, it's stupid. Now say you're *sorry*."

Billy's hands scramble to clutch at Harrington's fingers around his neck. He's ready to fucking tap out, he can't deal with this anymore. He wheezes, chokes a little, smacks the back of Harrington's hand, like *you fucking win, already*, and Harrington reluctantly releases him.

"I'm *sorry*, okay, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, like. Hurt your fucking *feelings*."

Apology accepted, apparently, because Harrington's got his lips on Billy's again, kissing him hot and languid.

"I would give anything to fuck you," Harrington gushes, trailing kisses over the faint stubble on Billy's jaw. "Please. You smell so fucking good. Like. I can smell everything, you were right, and it's just. Driving me fucking crazy."

And honestly?

Maybe it's sick, but Billy *liked* having Harrington choke him. He fucking liked it, he wants it back, he's sad he had to tap out, because now all he wants is Harrington staring deep into his fucking soul

again. Looking at him like he wishes Billy were dead, but wanting to fuck him takes precedence.

Billy pushes gently on Harrington's chest, the soaking wet tee, until Harrington takes the hint and rises.

Harrington lets himself be guided, welcomed into Billy's bed, falls into it with him, and they're making out again, stripping out of sweaty clothing. Harrington's body is still red, still hot to the touch, that way skin gets when it's infected.

And fuck.

Billy hadn't really noticed last time, had kind of a lot to process, but Harrington is fucking hung.

Like, he's seen him in the lockers before, whatever, but right now he's fully hard, all thickened pink, so stimulated it looks to be fucking *throbbing*.

Harrington pushes him back against the pillows, climbs on top of Billy, and pushes his cock in his face. Brushes the tip against his full lips, and Billy opens for him, on command.

He lets Harrington guide the tip in, gliding smooth over Billy's tongue.

It's the weirdest, most fucked up shit he's ever let happen to him in his fucking life, but the way Harrington's looking at him? All clouded with lust, eyebrows knit together like he's pretty sure he's dreaming, like he's the richest guy on the fucking planet for getting a second chance with Billy — that's the best fucking thing Billy's ever felt, he could get off to that look in Harrington's eyes alone. That he's just ripping Harrington apart, after having to work so hard to break down those walls yesterday.

Nobody's ever looked at Billy like that. He wants that shit injected straight to the vein.

So against his instincts, against his brain telling him fucking *no*, that this is *wrongbadsick*, despite that — he's opening wider. Dropping his jaw, and letting Harrington take what he needs.

“Fuck yeah,” Harrington’s moaning. Fucking his hips into Billy’s face, so his balls brush Billy’s chin when he slips to the back of Billy’s throat. Then, his face is sly as he looks down, watches his cock disappear, combs fingers through Billy’s long hair, like, “Tell me more. About how you’re not like *guys like me*.”

Billy’s embarrassingly got his mouth full of cock, so he reaches behind and pinches Harrington’s ass cheek, hard enough to earn a satisfying yelp.

Billy won’t lie, at least not to himself, anymore. He’s fucking into it. He’s fucking into *Harrington*.

He pushes at his hips, and Harrington’s fussing above him, wants to keep going, like, “Billy, I gotta come now, it fucking *hurts*, lemme just fuck that pretty mouth,” and God, Billy’s gonna be sick again, probably.

When he’s finally set free, Billy rolls onto his stomach, wads up his pillows underneath him for support, and turns his head over his shoulder to look at Harrington.

Harrington. Who’s all fucked looking, all dizzy, like, Billy can practically see the little cartoon birds circling around his head, tweeting and shit, while he stares at Billy’s ass with his lips parted ever so slightly, like he’s in awe.

Billy wants to fucking shut his mouth for him, wants to slip three fingers under his chin and tuck it closed, would get off on being that condescending. But he’s comfortable here. So he just waits. Resting against his pillows. Trying not to panic.

Harrington’s on him soon after, one hot hand on Billy’s hips, rubbing over the thickness of his ass, while he uses the other to lead his tortured cock to Billy’s hole, and Billy’s still fucking watching over his shoulder, watching in horror as he realizes Harrington’s, what? Just going to fucking? Try this *dry*?

“In what world, Harrington?” he bitches, trying to get away.

Because actually? He’s trying not to show it, he’d never want to

reveal this, but he's all fucking nerves. His heart's hammering and his breathing's picked up and he's afraid that Harrington can see it in his tense posture, can hear it in the raised pitch of his voice.

"Calm down," Harrington's saying, still in a haze, pulling Billy back with strength Billy didn't know he had. Harrington rubs his cock over his hole, rocks his hips so he can build friction against the crack of Billy's ass. "I'm not putting it in. I just wanna. Get you ready. Fuck. You're doing this for *me*, and I'm trying to go slow for *you*, okay?"

And it *does* feel a little good, the way Harrington's teasing him like that. The way the column of his dick brushes against his sensitive skin, he wants to fucking yell.

Over his own pounding pulse, he can just barely hear the wet sound of Steve collecting saliva in his mouth, spitting it onto his cock. It feels fucking weird, splatters on Billy's skin, warm and foreign. Billy's sort of surprised at how precisely he can feel it, dripping down.

Harrington makes quick work of opening Billy up with two fingers. It's intrusive and wet and so *much*, but Billy takes it with only minimal complaining, kinda hissing, like, "Ow." Takes them in another inch, then, "Ow. Fuck? Ow? "

"You want me to stop?" Harrington asks, but it's almost whiny. Like he *really* doesn't want that to be the fucking case.

But look, Billy's not a fucking *Bitch*. Or something.

"I didn't say that. I guess I just thought you knew what you were fucking doing?"

"Sorry that my head's kind of in other places right now? Like, that I have a mysterious infection that's burning up my whole body?" He pushes in deeper, up to the knuckle, and Billy lets out a breath he'd been holding for too long. "It's so *hard*, I'm really trying to go slow."

"You need to cut your fucking *nails*. Jesus."

"Would you shut the fuck up? You wanna feel my dick inside you, or what?" Harrington's asking.

"I *guess* so," Billy taunts. "If I really *have* to."

"Say you want it," he says, pulls out and shoves his index and middle fingers so forcefully inside, Billy's practically whining in surprise. "I need to hear it. I gotta hear you tell me."

"I fucking want it," comes pouring out of Billy. "I want your dick."

And then Harrington's. Painting saliva into Billy's hole with the head of his cock, massaging it in.

Lubing up his cock with more spit, he eases a hand over Billy's back to stabilize him. Trails over the dimples of Billy's back.

Harrington pushes in, slow, hissing as his cockhead breaches Billy, and Billy's fucking *groaning*. Back bowing, ass rising off the bed to take Harrington's cock deeper. It's like. The most power he's ever given up in his entire life, and it feels so fucking good, so fucking relieving to give it up like that.

It fucking hurts, it feels really fucked up and odd, like it's not supposed to go there, but Billy resists instinct. Is high off it.

He bunches the fluffy pillow beneath his fingers, holds tight as Harrington fills him, listening to Harrington babble behind him like, "God. It feels like my fucking skin is singing. You're so tight."

Billy feels a little proud, hearing Harrington gush like this.

"Yeah?" he asks, leaning back on Harrington's cock. Wincing as Harrington goes deeper. Feels like he's gonna split him in half. "You like that? My ass, you like it?"

Harrington slaps it, to confirm. Hard enough that Billy sucks in a breath. It actually fucking hurts, and it makes him sick how into it he is.

Harrington's moaning, has his head thrown back as he plows in, spreading Billy's cheeks with his hands. "It's, like. The best ass I've ever fucking *seen*, you know that. The way you walk around? You have to know that. I can't believe you're. *Letting* me. Have this."

That makes Billy's skin light up. Like, tingles up his spine, that whole deal. The fucking chills.

Harrington's sniffing Billy's skin, Billy realizes. Smelling his neck, and whining like it's the best smell in the entire world.

Which like, Billy knows it's probably not, because he hasn't properly showered and fucking glammed up like he usually does, didn't use his nice shampoos and cologne and soap, because he was a little busy *puking* and running hot water over himself, but also.

Like, it's kind of sexy that in Harrington's fucked up, sick state, he gets off on Billy's scent. The way his body smells naturally, it's got Harrington animal and wild and doing whatever the fuck he wants, unapologetic.

The fact that he could smell him from outside? The way Billy could smell Harrington, the night before?

What the *fuck*.

This is some fucked up shit Billy jacks off to at night when he knows everyone's asleep, won't hear him stifling his moans by biting his fucking sleeve as he soaks a gym sock with come.

So, "Harder," Billy hears himself say. Just one word, this tiny thing, an instinct.

"What?" Harrington asks, dazed, dragging his hand over Billy's ass. Squeezing the meat of it.

Billy's cheeks are hot. Angry. At having to repeat it, when it took so much to get it out the first go around.

He doesn't want to say it. Not again. It's mortifying.

"Harder," Billy enunciates, then immediately pushes his face back into the safety of his pillows. "Harder, okay? Just, the harder you go, the sooner you're done, right?"

Harrington laughs at that last part, like he doesn't really believe Billy means that, but he obeys, nonetheless. Picks up the pace, leans his

weight into Billy, grabs a fistful of long blonde hair and pulls it so hard Billy's head is yanked back, too, at an uncomfortable angle.

His chest is burning against Billy's skin. Damp with a sheen of sweat.

"Take it, Hargrove," Harrington's whispering, gritty, into Billy's shoulder. "You like taking it, don't you? You were talking such big talk, but you seem like you're getting off on this more than *I* am."

Billy's clinging on to the pillows for dear fucking life, because Harrington wasn't kidding about being rough, he's really railing Billy. Has moved on from the hair pulling, has now pushed Billy's face into the pillows, not giving him a chance to adjust so Billy's cheek is pushed into his own knuckles, painful.

"Shut up and fuck me," Billy can't believe he's saying. "Fuck me hard. Fuck my throat, too. Come on, *King Steve*."

Harrington's hips stutter, slowing, if only for a second before resuming his relentless pounding. He sticks his fingers in Billy's throat, gagging him, hitting the back wall so Billy chokes. His body tightens, clenches with the force of it, muscles contracting.

And Harrington sounds fucking filthy in his ear when that happens. He can feel the contractions around his cock. He's a mess, drilling Billy in an uneven rhythm, fingers still lodged at Billy's fucking uvula as Billy *sucks*, trying to simulate blowing Harrington, and he's just. Fucking moaning, cursing and sounding like he's almost in *pain*.

"I'm not gonna last," Harrington says, pulling his fingers from Billy's mouth. He rubs his thumb over Billy's lips. Seeming to luxuriate in how plump and slick they've gotten from sucking. "I'm not gonna fucking last, I'm close."

And, "Christ, finally," Billy spits out, feeling like he *has* to say that, but he's actually.

A little disappointed, really.

Just because he'd like a little more, a little longer, and he doesn't know how he's supposed to ask for this ever again.

This *can't* ever happen again. This has to be a fluke, because if it's not, then that means it meant something about Billy that he can't even process.

But then, maybe as punishment for his shit attitude, Harrington's got an arm tight around Billy's waist, hand around his cock, jacking him off out of time with his thrusts, just coming apart, and.

And it's almost instant, Billy's coming first, all over Harrington's fist. All over his sheets. It's a fucking mess.

Billy's completely silent as he comes. Like he doesn't want to give that to Harrington, too. That's too much to surrender. Breath caught in his chest, riding out his orgasm, almost in secret.

Except for that Harrington's fucking charting every second of it, he's loving it, he's delirious, salving up Billy's shoulder with the flat of his tongue, leaving a cool stripe on his skin, whispering like, "So good. So fucking good. Now you're gonna lick it up, right, Hargrove?"

Billy's a statue. Frozen still, not budging.

But Harrington's not giving up that easy, he holds Billy down and moves his fingers up to Billy's face. To his lips.

This is like, the grossest. Because Billy maybe, *once*, tried his own come, and that was a bad, weird plan, although Billy thinks most guys have probably done that before? Doesn't really beat himself up about it. But he's not going there again, right?

He's still in horror that last night he'd. Put Harrington's in his mouth.

So when Harrington smears Billy's come over his lips, why does he obediently stick his tongue out?

Why the fuck does he do that?

Why does he let Harrington spread it, so he tastes the stinging bitterness coating his throat, thick and still warm as he swallows it down?

He can't explain it. It's like he's caught in that trance from sickness.

Maybe it's like that thing, where a fever does such irreparable damage to the body that you go braindead. Maybe that's why Billy's letting Harrington fuck him in the first place.

He lets Harrington finger his mouth, anyway, even when those too-long, too-sharp nails hit the roof of his hard palate, scrape his tongue, dig into his inner cheek erratically as Harrington chases after his own orgasm.

"It's too much, I'm gonna come," Harrington chokes out. "Gonna come."

It sounds like he's on another fucking planet, but also like he's *broken*.

A few more thrusts, and then a weak, revelling, "Oh my God, I'm coming, I'm *coming*," in Billy's ear, like Harrington never thought this moment would ever arrive.

Harrington spills out inside Billy seconds later with his fingers still lodged down Billy's throat. Shuddering, panting so hard Billy swears he's going to *die* on top of him.

He's actual dead weight, anchoring Billy down, and Billy wiggles his ass, a polite warning for him to move out of the way before Billy *moves him*.

"Fuck off, Harrington," he grunts from below. "No fucking *snuggling*. No gay shit."

Harrington gets off him, slow, still trying to catch his breath, but looking so fucking unimpressed with Billy.

"You're a fucking *prick*," Harrington says. "I fucking hate you."

Billy resents the wet, gross sound as Harrington pulls out. He feels fucking used. Is that how he made Harrington feel yesterday?

He wants to lie back down in the shower for the rest of the night.

He rolls over, so Harrington can't see his ass, can't see what Billy just gave up to him.

"You gotta get out," Billy says, spreading out on his pillows and folding his arms behind his head. Projecting more confidence than he feels. Energized, a little, by the way he can feel Harrington ogling at his biceps. "You know. Before my dad gets back."

And Harrington's standing there, beside the bed, all awkward and ditzzy and naked. Sort of looking like he doesn't know what to do with himself. He picks up his wet clothes off the bed, off the floor. Scrunches his nose in distaste.

Looks at Billy helplessly. Like, *What am I gonna do?*

God.

Billy really hates that look and all that it implies.

*

Harrington's back to normal enough to leave out the front door, like a civilized person.

Billy fucking.

Walks him out, which is pretty disgusting. Maybe the *most* disgusting thing he's done tonight, and that's saying something. With chicks, he usually doesn't do this. They know how to find a fucking door, right? But he's gotta make sure his dad's not around to see this, so. Walking him out, it is.

Harrington's had to borrow his clothes, because Billy might hate him right now, but he remembers how he looked shivering in Billy's hall, and he'd feel pretty bad if Harrington died from hypothermia in the freezing rain.

He's in Billy's San Diego sweatshirt, this marled grey thing with maroon lettering.

Billy was trying so fucking hard to give him something more nondescript, a random black sweater from the back of his closet, something that didn't make it as fucking obvious that Harrington had taken it from the *only* person in Hawkins who'd been west of Chicago.

But Harrington was really adamant about this, once he laid eyes on it.

Pulled the thing on, dragging it on his sweaty hair, so imposing. Making Billy cringe. Looked himself over in Billy's floor length mirror, like, "This looks *really* good on me."

And Billy finally caves, tossing his hands up, like, "Whatever, I don't give a fuck, *take* it. As long as you leave before they get home."

He stands under the porch light, hip cocked against the door frame, watching Harrington hurry down the street to where he'd parked on the side of the road, just out of sight enough that the Hargroves wouldn't have noticed his unmistakable car on their way out.

"You better give that back to me," Billy shouts after him. "You better *wash* that shit."

Under the streetlight, Harrington flips him off, then peels out, making the neighbor's dog bark after him.